

# JAGUAR

# A G U A R

*For the Man about Town*

NO. 1

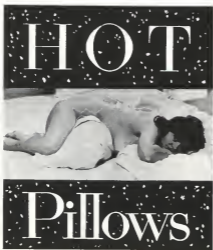
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**Is Adultery  
Inevitable?**

**Hints on  
"Hot Pillows"**

**THREE (3)  
ON A DATE**





The heat of a tropical night leaves Hope Hathaway restless—disturbed—  
First a date that didn't show up,  
and then the overwhelming silence  
of a small hotel room. The heat of  
the roof soaks through, and dreams  
begin to take on very strange forms  
— Well dressed men with offers of  
food, wine, and entertainment for two —

It's too warm to dance, Hope  
protests, can't we just sit  
this one out in the coolness  
of the night — In a garden of  
multi-colored flowers where  
the odors quicken the senses.  
No, no wine please. I want to  
enjoy being with you — I want  
to remember every moment —  
For you are a man, and I am a  
woman, and together we create  
a song that has been sung since  
the beginning of all time —  
Hold me tightly and together we  
will sip of the sweet nectar of  
life's strangest and most exotic  
force. But she must not move or  
her dream will vanish — She'll be  
alone — Alone again.



If we move the locale, Hope is sure that sleep will come — In her mind's eye she is on a beach, and her sheet is now a stretch of sand, white, and smooth to the touch. He is coming out of the water, skin shining in the bright moonlight. He doesn't speak, but she snuggles close. He has a good, clean man smell, and she is happy — But he must leave for another — She reaches out to hold him, call him back, and the vision fades.



In the dim evening light, a lone neon sign blinks an unimportant message splitting the night. The room is quiet, and the heat is oppressive, and disappointment lurks at the corners of her mouth. But then a pleasant thought strikes — There is always tomorrow — And the perfect dream she pursues tonight, may be found on the morrow in reality. And Hope snuggles closer to her bed for the coming day brings with it promise of a date, and her fulfillment as a woman.



## HOLIDAY PAINTER

One of the advantages of living in California is neatly outlined by Wendy Holiday. The noon-day sun doesn't stop this lithe lass from performing her chores. With no clothes to hinder her activity, Wendy finds it is easy to crawl about and do a perfect job. Easy to clean up afterwards too, with no soiled coveralls to worry about. Another, more obvious advantage in living in this warm climate, is that you may have Wendy as a neighbor.

The men in the neighborhood are clamoring for the return of the clothesline—they've volunteered to hang out all of the wet wash without the little woman's help.





It may be too warm to wear clothes, but Wendy believes it's the right time of the year to put another coat or two on the trim of her house.



Working around a pane is a general pain, but Wendy, like the true artist she is, steps back to admire her work — and we step back to admire Wendy.



Reaching for the high places is tiring. So our artful painter tries a less demanding position.



The job is done and it's time to rest. Workers like Wendy make many a man a fresh air fiend.





I dreamed I  
**DATED**  
**GLENDA**  
 in her  
 maidenly  
**BOUDOIR**



Everyone has a girl next door, upstairs, or downstairs that seems to be all one can desire in a woman. Such a gal is Glenda Graham, whose every movement is a symphony of grace and promise. Her gracious manner, and friendliness makes her the perfect companion. So gaze deep into the flickering candle or into the wispy smoke of your Aladdin's lamp and come along on an imaginary date with glorious Glenda as we call on her in her lush apartment. And like most girls, she's not ready when we arrive. Seems to have had trouble in deciding on what to wear. She is prepared to start from scratch, but in the meantime, won't you have a drink while you're waiting? Perhaps we can help the young lady pick her wardrobe for tonight. At least it's worth a try. Put on a thinking cap and straighten your tie. We are calling on a very desirable young lady who is obviously in distress. And any man worth his salt wouldn't fail a young lady just when she needs him the most





**I**t is difficult to concentrate on clothes, and it is difficult for us to concentrate on anything but Glenda. But it takes a little coaxing to get her off the couch and into her bedroom. Whoever dreamed we'd tell a girl, "For heaven's sake, stop running around in your birthday suit, and get dressed." It's amazing how we are carried away, but she understands our new sophistication and we find ourselves rewarded with a warm smile.





Glenda's movements are slow and catlike as she applies the make-up. She is gilding the lily, but as the sweet aroma of the powder spreads throughout the room, we're suddenly glad. Waiting for Glenda is not the chore we thought it was going to be. We watch her chose an undergarment, and as she slips into it, a twinge of jealousy is felt. Why should that inanimate object be able to hold her so close. But the evening is young, and Glenda is our date for tonight. The pleasure and anticipation is boundless as we sit, wait, and watch. The wine is heady, but not as intoxicating as the perfume or the pink creamy texture of her skin. What a glorious way to start a date — we get to pick the drink, the girl, and her clothes.





**I**t is too late to see a show, and the dinner hour fades to supper. The drink we've had creates a warm glow and we appreciate the informal performance we are witnessing. Glenda tries on one bra, then another. Then she turns to ask, "What do you think?" Well, we think plenty, and some of it is related to the bra, but we smile and say it's grand, but don't go by us. Try another. And she does.

**W**e can send down for sandwiches, but our mind is no longer on food. Another drink, perhaps, and a chance to sit and talk to this girl of all dreams, and perhaps to get close and inhale the perfume of her skin. This is a date that doesn't leave the boudoir—it is a heavenly meeting with an exquisite woman. And if one is to dream, is there a better place?

**T**he mirrors throw off a reflection of subdued light and dazzling pink skin. The subtle perfumes are exciting, and now we don't care if Glenda ever does get dressed. In fact, we prefer her the way she is. Is there a red-blooded man among us who can deny that this is the ideal time and place for a date? Who can say no to so lovely a lass? If she insists we stay in and enjoy a private party—just the two of us, we find we cannot deny her anything. In the flickering candle-light, we leave you with our dream girl—your dream girl. Now you're on your own. ●







*Girl*

*for*

*the*

*Man*

*About*

*Town*

